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THE

Perplex'd Dutcheſs:

OR,

Treachery Rewarded.

Being ſome Memoirs of the Court of *MALFY.*

In a LETTER from a *Sicilian* Noble-man, who had his Reſidence there, to his Friend in *London.*

The Impious, while they reign in Sin ſecure,
'Cauſe the Bolt's ſlow, believe no Angry Power;
But when at laſt th' avenging Stroke is given,
They feel, and then confeſs the Hand of Heaven.
Haywood's *Fair Captive.*

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane.* 1728.

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10.

THE

Perplex'd Dutcheſs.

SIR,

YOUR laſt Letter expreſſing a deſire of being inform'd of ſome Particulars relating to our Dutcheſs, I have made it my Buſineſs to ſearch into the moſt ſecret Part of her Hiſtory: and from thoſe pretty deeply intereſted in it, have had the good fortune to become acquainted with Paſſages, which, if they render her Character leſs famous than that of *Fredigoud*, or *Brunehalt* for Cruelty, will equal either of them for Ambition, Avarice, and Deceit. But of that I ſhall leave you to judge, after having examin'd

the following Account; the Truth of which I may venture to *Atteſt*; as alſo, that all the Letters here tranſcrib'd are Genuine, and have neither been diminiſhed nor any thing added to them in the Copies taken from the Originals.

Gigantilla was deſcended from a Family ſo obſcure, that thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to make it appear conſiderable, having with all imaginable Diligence ſearch'd the Records, cou'd find no name of any Perſon to whom ſhe cou'd boaſt herſelf related. She came very young to Court, and by an inferior Officer (who was ſince her Advancement made away, leſt he ſhould diſcover the Steps by which ſhe roſe) recommended to the Service of a Maid of Honour, with whom ſhe liv'd ſome Years. But being naturally of an ambitious and aſpiring Soul, and Miſtreſs of an uncommon Share of Cunning, ſhe found the way to wind herſelf into the favour of a great Lady, and became her Companion. She had ſo well improv'd her time in obſerving the Behaviour of thoſe above her, that in ſpite of the Diſadvantages of her firſt Education, every thing ſhe ſaid or did appear'd agreeable; ſhe now knew how to embelliſh the Charms ſhe had from Nature, with all the Aids of Art; in fine, ſhe was ignorant of nothing which thoſe who call themſelves of the polite World take a pride to underſtand;

ſtand; and tho' her Stature is above the ordinary ſize of her Sex, ſhe has the Addreſs to manage every Motion in ſuch a manner, that while it adds to the majeſty of her Deportment, takes away nothing of that ſweetneſs without which no Woman can be agreeable. To do her juſtice, ſhe is indeed extremely lovely, for tho' her Features are large, anſwerable to her ſize and bulk, there is a certain Harmony between them, which added to a moſt delicate Complexion, gives her Charms which I can inſpire you with no better an Idea of, than to ſay ſhe is a *Grecian Venus*, who you know is always painted very plump, tall, and fair.

Such as ſhe was, however, ſhe attracted a great number of Admirers, and ſome among them not inconſiderable either for Birth or Riches; but having the good fortune to be of a Diſpoſition very far from amorous, and knowing there were yet a great many Years between her and thoſe which bring decay of Beauty, ſhe choſe to wait in hope of ſome Offer which might be ſtill more advantageous: and notwithſtanding ſhe was continually ſollicited by ſome who had a friendſhip for her, to think with leſs diſdain on thoſe who at preſent addreſſed her, and conſider'd by every body as the Enemy of her own Intereſt, in refuſing Matches which had ſo much the the appearance of raiſing her above what

ſhe cou'd in reaſon expect; yet did her good Genius ſtop her Ears to all the Arguments alledg'd to her on this Head; nor cou'd the Chidings of her Superiors, the Perſuaſions of her Equals, nor the unceaſing Importunities of her ſighing Admirers, prevail on her to alter her Sentiments, or inſpire in her one tender Wiſh.

A young Woman who remains for a long time inſenſible of Love amidſt a Crowd of Adorers, is look'd on as a Prodigy, eſpecially in a Court like this of *Malfy*, where the tender Paſſion is ſo much the Mode, that ſcarce the extremeſt old Age can oblige our Ladies to leave it off. And for this very Behaviour was *Gigantilla* more taken notice of, than for the Charms of her Perſon and Converſation. The Lady with whom ſhe liv'd, happening to mention her in the Preſence of the Duke, he ſeem'd a little ſurpriz'd at ſuch an Inſtance of Moderation in ſo young and gay a Perſon; and whether her Reſerve were owing to Diſcretion, or a peculiar Coldneſs of Conſtitution, thought the Conqueſt of a Heart which had in the midſt of ſuch a Number of Temptations continued its Inflexibility, worthy of his moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours. He had ſeveral times ſeen her, had talked to her, and the more he reflected on her Charms, the more he thought it not beneath him to confeſs a Paſſion for her; and from that moment

moment watched an Opportunity of meeting her alone, that he might communicate to her Propoſals, which he imagin'd ſhe wou'd accept, if not through the excitements of Love, through thoſe of Duty and Intereſt, when made her by a Man of his Dignity, and her Sovereign. Fortune, whoſe Favourite for a long time *Gigantilla* continued, ſeem'd to be auſpicious to the Duke's paſſionate Deſires, and procured him a private Interview when he leaſt expected it.

He went one Evening to walk in the Gardens belonging to his Palace, indulging Reflection either on the Affairs of State, or thoſe of his Inclinations; ſeveral of the Nobility being there, at his approach withdrew, perceiving he made no ſignal to them to ſtay, and that he ſeem'd deep in Meditation: *Gigantilla* was in an alley at the further end with a young Courtier, one of thoſe who moſt paſſionately affected her; they were ſitting on a green Bank, but on ſight of the Duke roſe, and having made their obedience, were about to do as the reſt had done. He ſuffer'd them to paſs ſome Paces from him, but then, as if that moment recollecting himſelf of ſomething he had to ſay, *Gigantilla*, (*cry'd he*) *Artemia* (*for that was the name of the Lady to whom ſhe now belong'd*) has told me ſtrange Stories of you: I muſt be inform'd of the Truth from

from yourſelf. The Lover at theſe Words redoubled his ſpeed till he was out of ſight, and *Gigantilla*, tho' covered with Confuſion, turn'd back, and with down-caſt Eyes mov'd towards the Place where the Duke ſtood. What is the meaning, pretty Maid, (*reſum'd he*) that I hear this Character of your Inſenſibility? Is the Court of *Malfy* ſo barren of *Beaux Eſprits*, that *Gigantilla* can find nothing worthy her Regard? The Court of *Malfy*, my Lord! (*anſwer'd ſhe, with a modeſt Aſſurance*) cannot but be the Scene of an entire Politeneſs, ſince even the meaneſt here are permitted to emulate the Example of their illuſtrious Sovereign, and moſt ſhare his Favour when moſt they rival him in Virtue: with due Reſpect I conſider the Merits of all; but it is not, alas! for a Maid of my low Station to be particular in declaring an Eſteem for any one, leſt I ſhould incur the Diſpleaſure of the reſt. No, lovely *Gigantilla*, (*ſaid the Duke*) tho' I doubt not but whenever you ſhall fix your Choice, a thouſand muſt be undone; yet if they love ſincerely, they neither ought, nor will repine at what makes your Felicity. I rather think, (*purſued he*) that 'tis not an Indifference for all, but a conceal'd Affection for one, unworthy of the Bleſſing, which maintains this Character of Inſenſibility. No, my Royal Lord, (*reply'd ſhe, aſſuming an Air of haughtineſs, which gave a double Luſtre to her*

her Charms) tho' meanly born, Souls come not by deſcent, nor cou'd that Paſſion, forcible as it is eſteem'd, prevail on mine, to approve what Reaſon did condemn. I yet have liv'd a Stranger to it, and am confident ſhall ever do ſo, unleſs made acquainted with it by Perfections, ſuch as ſhou'd render the tender Flame my Glory, not my Shame. Love always gives deſert, (*reſum'd he*) nor can we be poſſeſs'd of that Paſſion without imagining ſome Merit in the darling Object: but admit I ſhou'd believe your Heart is yet a Virgin, of what ſort of Charms muſt he be Maſter, who ſhall have the good fortune to pleaſe you? Is it to Wit, or Wealth, Grandeur, or Beauty, you wou'd be moſt inclinable to yield the Prize? This is a Point, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) which I have hitherto ſo little conſider'd, that 'tis impoſſible for me to give your Highneſs any direct Anſwer; yet ſure I think that none of theſe, ſingly, wou'd tempt me to become a Lover: a needy Wit is more the Scorn than Envy of the World, and the rich Fool ne'er dignifies his Choice; Grandeur unmerited acquires the general Averſion, and Beauty is the leaſt of manly Graces. I therefore conclude that Virtue, with a moderate ſhare of each of theſe Perfections, is the only Charm to gain a Woman who has Diſcretion for her Guide. I no longer wonder (*ſaid the Duke*) at your Indifference, few

Men

Men have all the Requiſites you ſeem to wiſh: but tell me, (*purſued he, taking one of her Hands and gently preſſing it between his*) ſhou'd you be lov'd by one who wanted ſome of thoſe Excellencies, yet made it up in abundant Paſſion, and an unextinguiſhable Tenderneſs, wou'd not your Gratitude allow that as ſome Plea for Favour? I were ungenerous, indeed, my Lord! (*anſwer'd ſhe*) not to reward as far as was in my power ſuch Love; and if I cou'd not return in kind the Paſſion he beſtow'd, he certainly ſhou'd have my Friendſhip and Eſteem. Suppoſe myſelf the Man, (*rejoin'd the Duke*) in what manner might I hope you wou'd reward my Flame? At ſo unexpected a Demand the Face of *Gigantilla* was covered with a Scarlet Bluſh; Surprize and Joy at ſo unhoped a Sacrifice to her Ambition, made her for ſome moments incapable of replying; but recollecting herſelf as ſoon as poſſible, ſhe endeavoured to diſguiſe the Pride ſhe took under the Appearance of Confuſion for a Grace ſhe cou'd not pretend to merit; and caſting her Eyes on the Ground, and making uſe of her utmoſt Efforts to withdraw the Hand he held; I beſeech your Highneſs, (*ſaid ſhe*) mock not the Innocence of an artleſs Maid; I underſtand not the Gallantries of a Court, nor have the skill to anſwer as I ought —— your Pardon, and Leave, Sir, to depart.——Not till I have convinced

convinced you (*reply'd the Duke*) how greatly in this Conjecture you injure your own Charms, and my Admiration of them; by Heaven, *Gigantilla!* I am in earneſt when I ſay I love you; nor will I refuſe any Proofs in my power to aſſure you of it.——Nay, (*continued he, perceiving ſhe perſiſted in her Endeavours to get looſe*) I muſt not ſuffer you to remove, till I have brought you not only to liſten to my Suit at preſent, but alſo to promiſe me you will conſent to hear it as often as the too frequent interrupting Cares of State will give me leave to entertain you with it. In ſpeaking theſe words he drew her toward an Arbour, where making her ſit by him, he omitted nothing that the humbleſt Lover wou'd have ſaid, to give her all the Aſſurances ſhe wanted, that ſhe was, indeed, his firſt and greateſt Wiſh.

You cannot but have heard that *Artemia*, the Lady from whom our *Gigantilla* had found ſo much favour, had long been Miſtreſs of the Duke's Vows, and that by the conſent of his States he was ſhortly to eſpouſe her: this new Object of his Deſires had need therefore of all her Cunning to manage an Affair ſo nice; ſhe doubted not but that, if it were known, that ſhe receiv'd an Addreſs of this nature from the Duke, ſhe ſhou'd loſe all the Intereſt ſhe had with that Lady, and in all probability be diſcarded from her Houſe and Service; and if ſhe ſhou'd be-

tray to her the Honour he had done her, ſhe was not certain that ſhe cou'd ſo far contain her jealous Rage, as not to upbraid him with it: this ſhe thought wou'd bring infallible Ruin on herſelf with both; becauſe whatever Obligations at preſent *Artemia* might think herſelf, under to her Fidelity, when married to the Duke, ſhe neither cou'd, nor durſt encourage a Perſon who had ſo highly offended him. She paſt the whole Night after ſhe had parted from him in debating within herſelf in what manner ſhe ſhou'd behave for her Safety and Intereſt: and being by the Duke's a thouſand times repeated Vows, and the Offers he had made her, convinced that he was in good earneſt charm'd with her; ſhe reſolv'd to make the beſt uſe of his Paſſion, while in its firſt Vigour, for the ruin of a Rival ſo formidable. After many Contrivances for that end, ſhe at laſt pitched on one the moſt execrable ſure, that Envy or Malice ever put into a Woman's Heart.

There was at that time in the Court of *Malfy* a young Nobleman of *Lacedemon*, call'd *Philamont*: He was accounted one of the moſt lovely Perſons of the Age, and for his Wit and Converſation had but few Equals; he had a Humour extremely gay and entertaining, and an uncommon Complaiſance in his Deportment, eſpecially to the Fair. Such a Man cou'd not but be a very great

Favourite

Favourite with the Ladies; but tho' he treated all with the utmoſt Gallantry, his chief Court was made to *Artemia*, either becauſe it was his Inclination ſo to do, or that being look'd on as the future Dutcheſs of *Malfy*, he thought it moſt her right. Her Character had been hitherto ſo clear, and her Thoughts ſo perfectly innocent, that as ſhe was conſcious of no Error in her Conduct, ſhe imagin'd not there were People in the World baſe enough to lay any to her Charge; and receiv'd the Viſits made her by the *Count* with the ſame freedom other Ladies of her acquaintance did, tho' with much leſs deſign than ſome of them. From this Acquaintance, and the Civilities ſhe ſuffered him to pay her, did the ungrateful, the barbarous Partaker of her Bounties raiſe a Scheme for the utter Deſtruction of her Intereſt, her Glory, and her Peace of Mind.

In that Converſation ſhe had with the enamour'd Duke in the Garden, ſhe had promis'd him another the next Evening in the ſame place; and having fully contriv'd the horrid Stratagem, and conſider'd what kind of Behaviour wou'd be moſt for the advantage of her Deſigns; ſhe aſſum'd the utmoſt Tenderneſs in her Voice, and Eyes, and without ſeeming to have loſt any thing of her former Baſhfulneſs; ſhe affected to feel an innate Senſibility of the Paſſion he

profeſs'd, and with the Air of endeavouring to conceal a Softneſs ſhe was aſham'd of, diſcover'd it in a thouſand Words, and Looks, which had the appearance of the moſt artleſs Innocence, but were in reality the produce of the deepeſt Deceit. She play'd her part with ſuch admirable Artifice, that the Duke, while her imagin'd Love tranſported him, felt an Increaſe of Admiration for a Virtue which in ſpite of the ſoft Pleas of Inclination, and Excitements of Intereſt, cou'd ſupport itſelf againſt the Temptations of the Man ſhe lov'd, and in whoſe power it was, ſo much to gratify her Ambition.

The Offers he made her in the daily Interviews he afterwards had with her, were indeed ſuch as might have ſubdued a Chaſtity more ſevere than hers ; but as it was to Principles far different from thoſe which are inſpir'd by Virtue, that ſhe was indebted for the power of refuſing his Temptations ; ſo thoſe ſame Principles ſtill forbad her compliance till ſhe had ſecur'd the main Point ſhe aimed at. The doating Paſſion with which ſhe found he regarded her, flatter'd her ſometimes with a View of becoming, what ſhe afterwards was, Dutcheſs of *Malfy*; but if that Deſign prov'd abortive, ſhe reſolv'd at leaſt to break off his intended Marriage with *Artemia*. She well knew that the Miſtreſſes of Sovereign Princes are as conſpicuous as the Stars, and as there was not

a poſſibility of being his, without the whole World being ſenſible of it, ſo it wou'd be look-on as the higheſt Ingratitude in her who had receiv'd ſo many Marks of favour from *Artemia*: Nor wou'd it have been conſiſtent with Reaſon, to believe that Lady wou'd have endur'd a Rival in her Servant, the Creature of her Bounty. To prevent her therefore from the Power of acting any thing to her prejudice, ſhe reſolv'd, as I have already ſaid, to be before-hand with her in Revenge, and work her Ruin, for the Security of her own Ambition.

The Plot which for this end ſhe had long ſince laid, ſhe began the Execution of, in a manner peculiarly ſubtile, and altogether like herſelf. One day as the Duke was preſſing her for compliance, and renewing the Offers he had made her, ſhe ſtarted from her Seat, and with an Air of as much diſdain, as a Subject might aſſume in the preſence of her Sovereign; Forbear, I beſeech your Highneſs, (*ſaid ſhe*) to talk to me in this manner,——think more nobly of the Paſſion you profeſs, than to believe it can be purchas'd.——— Ah Prince! a thouſand times more lovely than you are great, be juſt to your own Merits, and know your Dukedom; nay, were you Maſter of the World, and wou'd beſtow it, all were but a trifling Preſent to a Soul like mine, rap'd in Reflection of more ſubſtantial Bleſſings: ——in this

this I boaſt myſelf worthy of your Love, in that I know the value of it; and tho' my Virtue forbids me to accept it in the way I can alone hope to enjoy it; yet do I think the Offer too great a Glory to ſuffer the Idea of any meaner Object to ſully the brightneſs your Eſteem has given me. You will eaſily believe the Duke, charm'd as he was with this Declaration of her Love, ſpar'd no pains to oblige her to recede from the Severity of a Virtue ſo prejudicial to his Hopes; but the more he endeavour'd to perſuade, the more reſolute ſhe ſeem'd, till his impatient Paſſion making him tell her that he cou'd no longer flatter himſelf with a belief ſhe had the leaſt Inclination for his Perſon; ſhe anſwer'd, as if without conſidering what ſhe ſaid, I wiſh to Heaven for your future Peace and Honour, that you were with the ſame Sincerity and Ardency ador'd by thoſe from whom you moſt deſerve it.——— Not love you, cruel Prince! (*purſued ſhe, burſting into a Flood of well-counterfeited Tears*) what but the extremeſt Tenderneſs cou'd enforce my Tongue to ſuch a Declaration? ———But that is but one of the many Proofs I daily give of the moſt pure Affection that ever fill'd a Virgin's Heart.———Demand of *Artemia* what my Thoughts are of you, when but laſt Night ſhe chid me from her Preſence, and threatened to turn me for ever from her Houſe

and

and Favour. *Artemia!* (*cry'd the Duke, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, as imagining by her Words, that ſhe had given that Lady ſome ſuſpicion of their Converſation*) knows ſhe aught of my Paſſion, or the Privilege you allow me to avow it? What has my Raſhneſs utter'd! (*reſum'd ſhe.*) No, my Lord, you cannot ſure believe me guilty of ſuch Imprudence;—— but I beſeech you queſtion me no farther, ——I have already ſpoke more than becomes me——think of it no more, I conjure you, for your own Peace, than which to me my Life is leſs dear.

There is in Human Nature ſo great a propenſity to enquire into things forbidden, even in the moſt trivial Affairs, that you will not wonder the Duke's Curioſity ſhou'd be enflam'd at theſe ambiguous Words in a matter of ſuch conſequence: He told *Gigantilla* that he muſt, and wou'd be inform'd the whole of her meaning; and when ſhe ſtill by Tears, added to Entreaties, ſeem'd to diſſuade him from any further ſearch, his Impatience grew beyond all Bounds, and forgetting the Lover, reſum'd the Sovereign, and commanded her to unfold at full the Riddle. Oh hard Condition! (*cry'd ſhe, in a ſeeming Agony of Soul*) that I ſo much oblig'd, muſt be ſo much ungrateful! ——Oh *Artemia!* unhappy in thy Confidence, but more unhappy *Gigantilla*, compell'd to betray that Confidence!——You know, dread Sir,

how

how greatly I am indebted to that Lady's Bounty———ſhall her Undoing then arrive thro' me!——— ſhall her Compaſſion to me become fatal to herſelf?———And yet 'tis ſo ordain'd by Heaven, and by that Duty which is not to be diſpens'd with to my Prince;———but ſpare my Tongue a Tale ſo painful.——— This Letter (*continued ſhe, plucking one out of her Pocket*) may perhaps inform you of all that I can ſpeak.

The Duke made no reply to theſe words, but taking the Paper haſtily out of her hand, broke the Seal, and found the Contents of it as follows.

To Count PHILEMONT.

"YOU complain of me without cauſe, "and muſt be very unjuſt to your own "Merits, if you believe I wou'd omit any "Opportunity of teſtifying how dear they "are to me;---but you know the Eyes of the "whole Court are on me.——Thoſe fatal Ties "by which I ſhortly muſt be bound, makes "me be conſider'd already as Dutcheſs of "*Malfy*, and compels me to receive the un-"welcome Homage of every petty Courtier; "—— with equal Ardency I languiſh for "the Bleſſing of your Love, long to indulge "in privacy all the ſoft Wiſhes of my Soul, "and give a looſe to Tranſports, ſuch as "only can be known in the Embraces of

"my

" my charming *Count*. *Gigantilla*, as much
" an Enemy as her ſcrupulous Virtue is to
" our Paſſion, will, after her ſullen way, in-
" form you of the Inquietudes I laſt Night
" ſuſtain'd.—I dream'd, my dear *Philemont!*
" that as I was flying to meet your out-
" ſtretch'd Arms, an unſeen Hand ſnatch'd
" you away, and in your place a black and
" dreadful Vapour roſe from the Earth, ob-
" ſcur'd the Sky, and darkned all around:
" ——good Heaven avert the Omen;——
" but whatever Fate ſhall decree, the Miſ-
" chief muſt be ſudden if it prevents us
" from once more revelling in the Joys of
" Love;— this Night I hope to make my-
" ſelf reparation for the Terrors of the laſt.
" ---Avoid therefore all other Engagements;
" my faithful *Gigantilla* ſhall give you no-
" tice of the Hour in which you may ſe-
" curely ſteal to the Bed and Arms of

Your moſt Paſſionate, and

Tenderly Devoted

ARTEMIA.

Gigantilla had ſo exactly counterfeited *Artemia*'s Hand in this horrid Aſperſion on her Honour, that it was impoſſible for it to be known for any thing but what it repreſen-

ted; and the fair Incendiary obſerving, with her utmoſt penetration, the Duke's Countenance while he was reading, perceiv'd to her very great Satisfaction only ſuch Changes as were occaſion'd by his Surprize, and nothing that look'd like a ſuſpicion of the Truth. The chief Reaſon of this was, that his preſent Paſſion for *Gigantilla* having rendered the Charms of *Artemia* indifferent to him, he was not greatly troubled at ſo juſtifiable a Cauſe of breaking off with her; but as there is ſomething in nature which cannot brook the name of Rival, he expreſs'd the utmoſt Indignation againſt *Philemont*; and having ask'd *Gigantilla* many Queſtions concerning the Times and Places of their Meetings, to all which ſhe had prepar'd herſelf with Anſwers ſuitable to her purpoſe; he vow'd the ſevereſt Revenge: He was about to go that moment and upbraid the Inconſtancy and Falſhood of *Artemia*; but *Gigantilla* falling on her Knees, prevented his Deſign: If the Advice of a ſilly Maid (*ſaid ſhe*) might not be too preſuming, I wou'd beg leave to remind your Highneſs, that this is not the way to convince the World how greatly your Royal Favours have been injur'd by the ungrateful *Artemia*; ſhe doubtleſs will deny all I have reveal'd, forſwear this Letter, tho' written by her own hand, and I alone ſhall be eſteem'd the guilty Perſon.—— No, my Lord, let full Detection glare

glare her in the Face, and prove your Juſtice in whatever Puniſhment you ſhall decree for her Ingratitude, and the Inhoſpitality of the Count : ——this Night he is to be admitted into her Apartment; your Highneſs may immediately follow, and ocular Demonſtration remove all preſent Doubts, and future Remorſe. The Duke was charm'd with the Counſel ſhe gave him, and raiſing her from the ground, aſſur'd her he wou'd comply with it. There paſt between them little more at that time; it being near the hour in which the Duke uſually ſupp'd, he adjourn'd to the Preſence-Chamber, where the Nobility attended his approach; and the treacherous *Gigantilla* having proceeded with ſo much ſucceſs in her Deſign, retired to her Cloſet to ruminate on the Event, and by what Method ſhe ſhould accompliſh the execution of it.

I had forgot to inform you, that it being agreed, according to the advice of *Gigantilla*, that the Duke ſhou'd ſurprize together the ſuppos'd guilty Pair; the Letter of appointment being broke open, ſome difficulty appear'd at firſt how to proceed; but our ſubtle Contriver ſoon remov'd it, by telling the Duke that ſhe had frequently been the Bearer of ſuch Meſſages, when time permitted not the means of writing, and that ſhe wou'd acquaint the *Count* with the Intentions of her Lady by word of mouth.

In this laſt Article did ſhe ſpeak truth; after having deliberated ſome time, ſhe ſent a Page belonging to *Artemia*, to let the *Count* know ſhe deſir'd a moment's private conference with him. He was ſurpriz'd at the Meſſage, but being the moſt complaiſant Man on earth, immediately obey'd the Summons. I will not ask pardon, my Lord! (*ſaid ſhe, with a Smile*) what I have to tell you, will I am ſatisfy'd be a ſufficient excuſe for my Preſumption in ſending for you. The Commands of the Fair, (*anſwer'd he*) honour thoſe on whom they are laid, and he that wou'd not readily obey thoſe of the amiable *Gigantilla*, muſt be ſtrangely unpolite as well as inſenſible. Thoſe of *Artemia* (*reſum'd ſhe*) you ſhou'd have ſaid; ſince without a Commiſſion from that Lady, I ſhou'd not have taken this liberty with Count *Philemont*. *Artemia*, (*interrupted he, in a ſurprize*) does Fortune favour me ſo far as to make my Services of any kind acceptable to that Lady? You cannot be ſo ignorant of your own Deſerts, my Lord! (*reply'd ſhe*) as not to know they muſt be acceptable whereever you wiſh they ſhou'd;——but I will not detain you in a painful ſuſpence: *Artemia* is not of a humour to be ungrateful for the extraordinary Devoirs with which you have particulariz'd her from all the Ladies of the Court, and will this Night return you thanks in the moſt grateful manner in her power.

power.——I will not ask if you are diſengag'd, for I am confident you can have no appointments of that conſequence to excuſe your breach of Complaiſance to a Lady of *Artemia*'s Quality and Beauty. Never was aſtoniſhment ſuperior to that the *Count* was in at ſuch a Meſſage from a Woman of *Artemia*'s reputed Virtue; either his natural Gallantry, however, or a particular Inclination for her, made him extremely tranſported, and as he knew *Gigantilla* to be the Partner of her moſt ſecret Thoughts; he wondered not that ſhe ſhould be the Perſon made choice of to inform him of them: and being far from ſuſpecting the ſincerity of this Confidante, or the truth of what ſhe told him, exerted his utmoſt Wit to return an anſwer to the obliging Fair, ſuch as he thought wou'd be moſt pleaſing to her, and teſtify the Gratitude and Rapture of his Soul for ſo unhoped, ſo unmerited a Condeſcenſion. *Gigantilla* aſſur'd him ſhe wou'd faithfully report all he ſaid, and receiv'd a Diamond of great Value from him in recompence of her good Offices. Twelve a-clock was the Hour appointed for his coming to the Apartment; where all the other Servants being to be diſmiſs'd, he was to be admitted by *Gigantilla*.

But the Ruin of *Artemia* was not the only Aim of this Deceiver; ſhe had a particular Spleen to the *Count*, he having declar'd in

ſome

ſome Company, who had inform'd her of it, that he thought her far from handſome, and was amaz'd to hear ſo many Gentlemen, infinitely her Superiors, had thought her worthy their Addreſſes. More to incenſe the Duke againſt him, therefore, ſhe contriv'd to make that deluded Prince conſider him as doubly his Rival: ſhe perceiv'd that he intended only to make a Breach with *Artemia*, and expreſs'd not that Indignation againſt the *Count*, which was neceſſary to hurry him to his Deſtruction. But not doubting if his Diſpleaſure wou'd be extreme, cou'd he be brought to believe he had a Deſign on herſelf; ſhe prevail'd on him to be conceal'd in a little Room near one which the *Count* muſt paſs, in his way to the Chamber of *Artemia*: She took care to place him there ſome moments before the Hour in which ſhe had appointed *Philemont*; and that unhappy Gentleman being punctual to the time, and admitted by the ſuppos'd Confidante; ſhe told him, that *Artemia* cou'd not poſſibly get rid of a Lady who was with her. Can you have patience, my Lord, (*ſaid ſhe*) to paſs a few moments with me, till the Miſtreſs of your Devoirs ſhall be at leiſure to receive you? She ſpoke this with ſuch an Air of Tenderneſs and Languiſhment, that the *Count* had reaſon to imagine ſhe was as much charm'd with him as ſhe had told him *Artemia* was; and being a Man of great Gallantry, and thinking

thinking it alſo unſafe to diſoblige her, ſaid a thouſand fine things to her on her Wit and Beauty, which, to carry on her Deſign ſhe ſeem'd readily to believe, and made ſuch advances, that he cou'd not, without plainly confeſſing he had but deceiv'd her in his former Expreſſions, avoid treating her in the manner of a Lover: and perceiving that ſhe no more mentioned *Artemia*, nor offer'd to go into her Chamber to ſee if ſhe was yet diſengag'd, he began to ſuſpect ſhe had but invented that Story on purpoſe to have an Opportunity of entertaining him herſelf in private. Having once harbour'd this thought, by what I have ſaid of her Charms and his Diſpoſition, you will not wonder that he ſoon reſolv'd not to diſappoint ſo obliging a Deſign, and accordingly proceeded to Freedoms, which wanted not much of depriving the enamour'd Duke of his chief Aim: but this was not the intention of *Gigantilla*, ſhe ſuffer'd him to go on juſt as far as was neceſſary to work him to her purpoſe, but no farther; and when ſhe found his Inclinations rais'd to the height ſhe wiſh'd, then did ſhe cry, For Heaven's ſake, my Lord! if you muſt divert yourſelf with raillying a poor Maid, let us talk in the next Room,——— this is open to the Gallery, and if any of the Servants chance to come that way, our Diſcourſe may be over-heard. In ſpeaking theſe words ſhe puſh'd open a Door, and going in,

in, was immediately follow'd by the *Count*. A Couch being there, he attempted to throw her on it, but ſhe had now gain'd her Ends, and repulſing him with all her might; Fye, fye, my Lord! (*ſaid ſhe, with a Voice quite chang'd from that ſoftneſs ſhe had aſſum'd to allure him*) reſerve this prodigious Vigour for the longing *Artemia*, who, I am certain, by this time expects you;———but I will go, and preſently return to you with the certainty. She waited not for his reply, but flew out of the Room with too much ſpeed for him to have prevented her, if the confuſion of his Thoughts at ſo ſudden an alteration in her Behaviour wou'd have given him leave to have attempted it.

But to make this Part of her Conduct more plain to you, I muſt inform you that the Room in which ſhe left Count *Philemont* was parted from that in which ſhe had placed the Duke, but by a thin Wainſcot, who hearing what paſs'd between them, was not only convinc'd of the truth of what ſhe had related concerning *Artemia*; but alſo that the amorous Inclinations of this young Nobleman, extended to rival him alſo with *Gigantilla*. Scarce cou'd he forbear ruſhing out that moment, and executing hisRevenge; but his Deſires of detecting the imagin'd Falſhood of *Artemia*, and the Conſideration that tho' the Opportunity of ridding himſelf of ſo hated a Rival, were delay'd, it wou'd

wou'd not be loſt, put a ſtop to thoſe Emotions; and he contented himſelf to remain in his Concealment a few moments longer.

Gigantilla ſoon return'd, and put them both out of the pain of ſuſpence. *Artemia*, my Lord! (*ſaid ſhe*) is now alone, and thinks each moment of your abſence a tedious Age. Conduct me to her then, (*reply'd he*) thou teizing, obliging, ingenuous Surprizer. She cou'd not hinder him from throwing his Arms about her waiſt, and giving her three or four ſtrenuous Embraces, as he mov'd forward; but diſingaging herſelf from him as ſoon as poſſible, ſhe bid him follow her, which he doing, ſhe led him through ſeveral Rooms, and being come into that which was *Artemia*'s Bed-chamber, ſhe told him her Orders were to leave him there, and that he wou'd immediately be bleſt with the ſight of her he came to viſit: but (*added ſhe*) her Modeſty will not permit her to ſee you in the preſence of any one. Farewel, may all the Happineſs you deſerve attend you. She ſpoke no more, but going out of the Room, ſhut the Door after her, where ſhe ſtood liſtening attentively till ſhe heard *Artemia* come in, which ſhe knew wou'd be immediately, becauſe that Lady was but in her Cloſet at her Devotions, as was her Cuſtom, before ſhe went to bed.

The Surprize of that innocent Lady, when at her entrance ſhe beheld the *Count* in her

Chamber, is not to be expreſs'd: My Lord! (*ſaid ſhe*) how happens it that I find you here?——Is this a fit Hour or Place to viſit a Maid of Quality? The Behaviour of *Gigantilla* having made him know that Women ſometimes put on Airs very different from their Inclinations, he little regarded what he imagin'd but a ſeeming Coyneſs; and taking her Hand, (which in the preſent Confuſion of her Thoughts ſhe cou'd not refuſe him) and eagerly kiſſing it, Any time or place (*ſaid he*) is bleſt, that gives me the Opportunity of telling the Divine *Artemia* how much I am her Slave:—— but come, my Angel, conſider how few our Fate allows, and loſe not any part of this by an affected Coldneſs.——Thus, (*added he, taking her in his Arms*) thus let me baniſh all diſturbing Scruples; thus prove the Vigour of my Paſſion, and awaken thine. Off, baſe preſuming Man! (*cry'd ſhe, by this time a little recover'd from that Amazement his Preſence and Behaviour had involv'd her in*) and be aſſur'd I will not tamely brook Affronts like theſe; for 'tis not poſſible that any Act of mine cou'd give you cauſe to think ſuch Treatment wou'd be welcome to me. The virtuous Indignation which ſparkled in her Eyes, and diffus'd itſelf through all her Air as ſhe was ſpeaking, gave a ſudden Check to the boldneſs of the *Count*; he ſtood for a moment thunder-ſtruck, and not able to account

account for what he had heard, or what he ſaw; at laſt, regarding her with a fix'd Attention, Did I not, Madam, (*ſaid he*) attend you by your own Command? No, by Heaven, (*anſwer'd ſhe*) and if you have been impoſ'd on into ſuch a Belief, the only means to make me think you leſs guilty than at firſt you ſeem'd, is to quit me this inſtant. —I will at a more convenient Seaſon hear your Excuſes, and the Reaſons which have prompted you to ſuch a vain and ridiculous Attempt. Drive me not hence, I conjure you, (*reſum'd he*) till I have unfolded the whole Myſtery. With theſe Words he fell on his Knees, and was beginning to relate what had paſs'd between him and *Gigantilla*, when the Duke, with his Sword drawn, accompany'd by that Inventreſs of Miſchief, ruſh'd into the Room; Villain, (*cry'd the incens'd Prince*) receive the juſt Reward of Treachery and Inhoſpitality. He flew on him with ſo much fatal ſpeed, that he had neither time to reply, nor put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence; but the Duke's Sword having pierced his Heart, he fell immediately dead at the Feet of *Artemia*. The Horrour with which ſhe beheld this Deed, gave her liberty to ſay no more than, Murder! dreadful, undeſerved Murder! And with thoſe words fell into a Swoon on the Body of the Deceas'd. A little ſilver Bell ſtanding on the Table, *Gigantilla* took it up, and rung

with all her might: on which the Chamber was preſently full of Women, and Pages belonging to *Artemia*; the former ran to their Lady, convey'd her to the Bed, where having laid her, they began to apply proper Remedies for her Recovery; and one of the others, by the Duke's Command, ran to call ſome of the Guards, whom in his preſent Fury he commanded to throw the dead Body of the *Count* out of the Window: which being done, he withdrew with *Gigantilla*, leaving *Artemia* to the Care of thoſe about her.

Tho' the Heart of this cruel Woman exulted with the higheſt Pleaſure at the Succeſs of her Plots; yet did her Eyes rain Tears, and her Breaſt heave with well-diſſembled Sighs of Pity, for an Event which ſhe eaſily deceiv'd the Duke into a Belief, was unexpected by her. Oh! cou'd I have thought your Highneſs (*ſaid ſhe*) wou'd ſo far have given the Reins to Paſſion, not all the Duty nor the Intereſt I take in your Honour and Reputation, ſhou'd have prevail'd on me to have betray'd to you the Secret!——Unhappy *Count!* (*continued ſhe*) was thy compliance with the Love of a fine Woman a Crime worthy of Death? To come into my Palace, (*anſwer'd the Duke*) and ſeduce the Virtue of a Woman about to be made mine, by the moſt ſolemn Engagements, was a Preſumption which merited a

Fate

Fate leſs glorious than the Death he has receiv'd: Yet ſo well am I pleas'd to be deliver'd from thoſe Engagements, that I know not but the means he afforded me of being ſo, might have prevail'd on me to ſpare his Life, had he not attempted to wrong me in a Point more tender: had his Deſires been confin'd to *Artemia*, I ſhou'd perhaps have let them liv'd, and lov'd, and indulg'd in Infamy; but ſatiated with her leſs potent Charms, he ſought to undo me in my *Gigantilla*.———By Heaven, for each Embrace he forc'd from thee I wou'd have had a Life, and regret nothing but my want of Power to inſpire him with new Breath, that I might make him feel again the Pains of Death. Theſe Speeches, as well as the Action, which had occaſion'd them, letting her ſee the power ſhe had over him, ſhe no longer doubted if ſhe ſhou'd be able to influence him to every thing her inſatiable Ambition aimed at; and having made the beſt of her Obſervations on the leſs artful of her Sex, and finding that nothing ſo ſoon palls the Appetite of a Lover, as too readily yielding to his Deſires, ſhe intreated the Duke's permiſſion to retire. He wou'd fain have perſuaded her to crown his Love that Night; but ſhe without ſeeming abſolutely to refuſe him, begg'd he wou'd make no mention of that tender Paſſion at a time when her whole Thoughts were taken up

with

with the dreadful Spectacle ſhe was juſt come from being witneſs of; beſides, (*purſued ſhe*) ſhou'd it be known I have the honour of your Highneſs's Affection, all I have ſaid might be eſteem'd the Effect of Jealouſy or Envy: I beſeech you therefore conceal that Regard, which is my higheſt Bleſſing, for a time. *Artemia* has many Friends, when once the hurry of her Accuſation and Detection is over, it will be more conſiſtent with yours, as well as my Reputation, to acknowledge the Honour you do me. By theſe and ſuch like Reaſonings, he was at laſt prevail'd on; and it not being proper for her to return to the Apartment of the injur'd *Artemia*, ſhe was allotted one at preſent little ſuperior to her Condition.

It wou'd be altogether impoſſible for me to repreſent, as really it was, the ſtate of that wrong'd Lady, when at her recovery from her Swoon, ſhe was inform'd by ſome of her Servants, who obſerv'd the Duke and *Gigantilla* quit the Chamber together, and heard by ſome Words that paſt between them, that it was by that ungrateful Woman ſhe had been accus'd; and that *Philemont* had been but the Tool made uſe of to work his own Deſtruction and her Shame. But depending on her Innocence, ſhe ſent to intreat the liberty of ſpeaking to the Duke; but that was not only deny'd her, but deny'd her alſo in ſuch a manner, as

left

left her no room to hope ſhe retain'd any place in his Affections; ſhe had long look'd on him as her future Husband, had accuſtom'd herſelf to think on him with all the Tenderneſs of the moſt virtuous Wife, and to be now thrown off, rejected, hated by him, was ſufficient to have broke a Heart leſs endued with Fortitude than was hers. Early in the Morning ſhe ſummon'd all her Friends about her, and proteſting to them her Innocence, begg'd they wou'd omit nothing which might let the Duke ſee his Error: She had all the time of her living at Court behav'd with ſo much Prudence, a Conduct ſo becoming her Dignity, yet at the ſame time ſo obliging and condeſcending to all, that few there were who believ'd her guilty. But when in anſwer to what they alledg'd in her defence, the Duke declar'd that he had heard the *Count* and *Gigantilla* talk to each other in the manner already related, they were put extremely to a ſtand; ſome among them, however, had Courage enough to own they continued in their firſt Belief, and that what had reach'd his Highneſs's Ears, had been no more than a Plot laid between the Deceas'd and *Gigantilla*; and as he was paſt the power of anſwering ſuch Doubts, mov'd that ſhe might by Tortures be compell'd to confeſs the Truth. But this putting the Duke beyond all patience, he commanded on pain

of

of his Diſpleaſure, that it ſhou'd no more be mention'd; and to convince them, as he ſaid, how juſt his Accuſations were, produc'd that Letter which *Gigantilla* had forg'd, and put into his Hands, as the firſt ſtep ſhe took in bringing about this execrable Treaſon. Whatever were their Thoughts, none after this durſt utter any thing in oppoſition to his Commands; but when *Artemia* was inform'd of it, having no more to fear, ſhe wou'd not be with-held, but ran to the Duke's Apartment: The Guards, tho' order'd not to ſuffer her to paſs, in vain oppos'd her; reſolute, and half diſtracted with her Griefs and Wrongs, ſhe preſs'd to his Preſence; and tho' encompaſs'd with the Nobility, fell on her Knees, and conjur'd him to do her Juſtice: If want of Beauty, (*ſaid ſhe*) or any other Charm, renders me unworthy to retain that Heart you once devoted to me, proclaim the Cauſe, but deprive me not of a Woman's chiefeſt Glory, my Reputation! Allow me Virtuous, and let me be eſteem'd guilty of all other Defects.———By Heaven, that Scroll which has traduc'd my Fame, is forg'd! I never wrote to Count *Philemont*, nor had a thought of him or any other Man, but what without a bluſh I dare avow.———She wou'd have proceeded further, but the Duke wou'd not hear her; and by his command, ſome who were preſent, perform'd the unwilling

Office

Office of forcing her from the place. Soon after ſhe receiv'd an order to quit the Palace on pain of death, which her Friends, trembling for her Fate, compell'd her to obey. The Grief for ſuch undeſerved ill Treatment, threw her into a languiſhing Diſeaſe, but by the care and skill of the Phyſicians, her Body in proceſs of time regain'd its former Strength, as did her Mind in ſome meaſure, of its Perturbations; enabled thereto by Heaven, and an innate Magnanimity and Bravery of Soul, rare to be found in a Perſon of her Sex: She no longer ſeem'd deſirous of regaining the Duke's Affections, the Court, the World, and all the Pomp and Vanities of it were now below her conſideration, her elevated Thoughts were bent on nobler Objects; ſhe enter'd herſelf among the Prieſteſſes of *Veſta*, and became an Honour to that Society of holy Virgins.

The wicked *Gigantilla* in the mean time triumph'd in her ſucceſsful Wiles, and ſo ſtrangely was the Duke infatuated with her Beauty, her diſſembled Love, and well-feign'd Modeſty and Virtue, that, contrary to the advice of his Council, the Entreaties of thoſe who were moſt his Favourites, his own Intereſt and Glory, and every Motive which ought to ſway a Prince, he married her, and from the meaneſt Rank of People

rais'd her to the ſupremeſt Dignity in his power to beſtow.

Theſe, dear Sir, were the means by which ſhe became Dutcheſs of *Malfy*, and having arriv'd at that envy'd height, one wou'd think ſhe might have been entirely free from care, and have ſat down content in the poſſeſſion of all ſhe had to wiſh; but 'tis certain, that Power ill gotten entails on the Perſon poſſeſs'd of it, Agonies more ſevere, more poinant than humble Virtue can be capable of feeling, tho' plung'd in all the Ills that Fortune can inflict. She had indeed no more to wiſh, where-ever ſhe turn'd her Eyes, ſhe cou'd ſee nothing above herſelf, a thouſand Knees were bent whenever ſhe approached, a thouſand Tongues were continually chanting forth her Praiſes; ſhe had every thing which cou'd gratify a proud, an avaricious, or ambitious Mind; yet all was not ſufficient to give perfect Satisfaction, the Fears of loſing what by ſuch indirect Means ſhe had acquir'd, empoiſon'd all the Felicities of her Life; ſhe knew all the homage ſhe receiv'd, all the ſeeming regard with which ſhe was flattered, was paid only to the *Dutcheſs*, and that *Gigantilla* of herſelf was the Object of Deteſtation to all the Virtuous and the Wiſe. She was not inſenſible, that high as ſhe ſtood in the Duke's Love and Eſteem, there were ſome who dar'd

to

to ſpeak what their Thoughts were of her, and that the very Populace murmured at her ſudden and unmerited Exaltation; and ſhe knew not how far Parties might be rais'd againſt her, to the utter ruin of that State ſhe had become ſo guilty to acquire: ſhe therefore had her Spies perpetually on the watch to bring her Account of what was ſaid concerning her; and being inform'd of many things which were not very pleaſing to her, her Brains were for ever at work contriving Means to prevent her own undoing, and turn it on the Heads which intended it for her.

But the Perſon whom ſhe moſt feared and hated, was Prince *Theanor*, Brother to the Duke; he had refuſed being preſent at the Solemnity of her Marriage with him, had oppos'd her in the promotion of ſome of her Favourites, who ſhe had attempted to put into Poſts of Honour and Truſt; in fine, his Soul ſincerely abhorring a Creature whom he knew ſo vile, and thinking himſelf above being prejudiced, by declaring his Sentiments; he omitted no opportunity of letting both herſelf and all the World know them, which he cou'd take, without at the ſame time affronting his Brother.

Never was a Character more eminently adorn'd with all good Qualities than that of this young Prince; often has his Coun-

ſels bleſt the Land with Peace, when *Malfy* was threatned with the worſt of Ills, cruel inteſtine Broils; and when juſtly provoked to Foreign Wars, his Actions ſhamed the Heroes of Antiquity by ſuperior Courage, Conduct, and all that can compleat the General and the Soldier. To make theſe Perfections more illuſtrious, he has the moſt lovely Perſon in the World, a Mien and Air, which, while it commands the utmoſt Reverence, attracts alſo the tendereſt Regards; a Generoſity and Affability which cannot fail of engaging the Heart, and ſo liberal a Beneficence to all who ſtand in need of his Aſſiſtance, that he may well be ſtiled the Patron of the Poor, and Guardian-Angel of the Afflicted; never was a Prince more lov'd, more ador'd by the Populace, more revered by the Great and Good, and more dreaded by the Wicked.

Well then might the deſigning Dutcheſs ſtand in awe of a Virtue ſo averſe to her baſe Practices; but as he was Brother to the Duke, and in caſe he died without Iſſue, undoubted Heir of *Malfy*, ſhe durſt not openly avow her Hatred, but thoſe Artifices which had hitherto ſo much befriended her, enabled her now to leſſen this young Prince in the Opinion of his Brother; ſhe made his moſt diſintereſted Actions appear mean Deſignings, and his very Virtues, Vi-

ces.

ces. That Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition with which he receiv'd all thoſe who addreſſed him, and that Zeal with which he prefer'd their Petitions, ſhe repreſented as the Effects of his Popularity, the Deſire of Applauſe, and an unnatural Ambition of becoming too valuable to the People of *Malfy*, that his Brother might ſeem not ſo at all; and in fine, that he was not without ſome ſecret Cabal, who were taking Meaſures to obtain for him the Sovereignty before his time.

Every one knows how far the Jealouſy of Power influences Princes, and how liable they are to entertain Suſpicions of him, who by Right of Inheritance is the next in Succeſſion. Our Duke was indeed of a truly virtuous and a noble Nature; but ſo ſubtle was *Gigantilla* in embittering it with the Poiſon of Diſtruſt, and ſo abſolute a Confidence did he place in that cruel Woman, that he was ſoon brought to diminiſh that tender Affection with which he had formerly regarded his Brother, and by degrees to look on him with Rival's Eyes. He no longer conſulted him in Affairs of State, no more made him a Partner in his Pleaſures, behav'd, when in his preſence, with a caution which was but too viſible to the injur'd Prince; but ſo great was his Spirit, that being conſcious of no Action which cou'd merit ſuch an Alteration, he wou'd not

not demand the reaſon of it; being of the Opinion, that (to uſe an Expreſſion of his own, when he was one day preſs'd by a great Lord to make uſe of ſome Endeavours to re-eſtabliſh himſelf in his Brother's Favour) if he had done nothing, as he was ſure he had not, to offend the Duke, he ſhou'd greatly offend his own Innocence, as well as Honour, to ſeem guilty by a fawning Submiſſion. My *future* Actions, as my *paſt* have done, (*ſaid he*) will juſtify me in a more noble manner than my Tongue can do. 'Tis for the Villain and the Traytor to gild his Crimes with Eloquence and the Pomp of Words; inſinuating Smiles and Flattery is the Sycophant's ſtudy'd Art; *Theanor* will not ſtoop ſo low: In the time of Danger, when foreign Foes invade again our fertile Fields, or bold rebellious Subjects preſume to call Sovereign Authority in queſtion; then let me prove myſelf a Brother, and vindicate my Fame; at preſent I am content to be ſuſpected.

Nothing cou'd ſo much have forwarded the malicious Deſigns of the Dutcheſs as this Behaviour of the Prince, which tho' in reality the Effect of an innate Bravery of Mind, ſhe had the artifice to repreſent as the Overflowings of his Pride and Arrogance. He cannot (*ſaid ſhe*) be blind to your Diſpleaſure, yet he regards it not; thinks himſelf

too

too great to inquire into the Cauſe, or confeſs the Juſtice of it. ——— *Malfy* already acknowledges two Sovereigns——or rather he is the Superior; content with the empty Title of Duke, you ſuffer him to parcel out your Power amongſt thoſe whom Promiſes of future Favour have made wholly devoted to him; ——— the glorious Prince! the brave, the gallant *Theanor*, is now the Cry of all your Subjects, who but in ſhow confeſs Obedience to you, ſubmitting in fact only to him. The Prince's Carriage ſtill giving her Encouragement to talk in this manner, ſhe continued to incenſe the Duke, till he at laſt gave into all ſhe ſaid, and to nip in the Bud whatever Deſigns that young Hero might have entertain'd. He receiv'd an Order to quit his Palace, and to make the Affront more ſtinging, as alſo to prevent the formation of any private Cabal; the Duke publiſh'd an Edict, that none ſhou'd be permitted to enter his Court, who on any ſcore viſited that of the Prince.

Severe as this Injunction was, *Theanor* obey'd it without murmuring or complaining, nor cou'd the utmoſt diligence of all thoſe Spies the Dutcheſs employ'd, and kept in continual pay about him, bring her Intelligence of any thing which ſhe cou'd report to his diſadvantage. The Good feel not half the Pain when injur'd in the moſt

poinant

poinant part, as did this malicious Woman, in not being able to find a blemiſh in this Prince's Conduct: Well may Envy be pictured feeding on her own Bowels; the ſpite which this Dutcheſs had conceiv'd againſt the Virtues of *Theanor*, wanting the means of exerciſing itſelf as ſhe wiſh'd on him, like a Cancer eat into her Heart, and prey'd upon her very Vitals. How juſtly does the Royal Poet and Prophet ſay, that *the wicked ſhall fear where no Fear is!* Having acquir'd the Title ſhe poſſeſs'd, by means too indirect to expect a quiet Enjoyment of it; the very ſhadow of a Danger made her tremble, and conſcious of her own Guilt, and the Innocence of the Perſon ſhe perſecuted, ſhe was not one moment free from Apprehenſions, that ſome day or other the Duke's Eyes might be open'd to ſee things as they in reality were; and was ready to burſt with inward Spleen, that all the ill Treatment he receiv'd, had not the power to drive him to any Words or Actions which might juſtify that Diſpleaſure ſhe had infus'd into the Duke, or raiſe it to the pitch ſhe deſir'd, in order to compleat his Deſtruction. But how impoſſible is it for the moſt Wiſe to be at all times ſo circumſpect, as never to be guilty of ſome unguarded Look or Word, which may bear two ſorts of Conſtructions; or that thoſe who are for ever on the watch

for

watch for Miſchief, ſhou'd not at laſt find the means of bringing about ſome part of their wicked Deſigns.

Theanor had long been paſſionately in love with, and belov'd by *Amarantha*, a young Lady, whoſe Parents dying while ſhe was an Infant, and leaving her the Heireſs of a vaſt Eſtate, ſhe became the Duke's Ward. Her extreme Modeſty not permitting her to make known their Loves, while in the beginning, the enſuing Diſagreement between the noble Brothers, left her no hope of obtaining the Conſent of him who had the diſpoſal of her; and for that reaſon their Converſation was maintained with all the Privacy imaginable. The Secret, however, reach'd the Ears of our induſtrious Dutcheſs; that Page who was accuſtom'd to be entruſted with the Carriage of the Prince's Letters to that Lady, happening to be indiſpos'd, he unfortunately choſe for his Emiſſary that very Perſon who had enter'd into his Service for no other reaſon than to be a Spy on his Actions. He no ſooner had the Letter in his poſſeſſion, than inſtead of carrying it as directed, he ran with it immediately to the Dutcheſs, who breaking it open haſtily, found it contain'd theſe Lines.

To the Ever-Lovely and moſt Adorable
AMARANTHA.

" I Was coming laſt Night to feaſt my
" Eyes with a view of thoſe Perfections
" which are never abſent from my Soul,
" but was diſappointed by the News that
" *Nearchus* was with you.——— I know
" him to be ſo much a Creature of the
" Duke's, and of a Diſpoſition ſo malignant,
" that he wou'd not fail to have reported
" my Viſit, with Conſtructions on it no way
" to the advantage of our Loves:——My
" cruel Brother has not the power to make
" me wretched, but by depriving me of the
" Bleſſing I ſometimes enjoy in your hea-
" venly Society, and while, ignorant of my
" Happineſs, he takes no meaſures to ruin
" me in that, deſpiſe his empty Rage:——
" ſatisfied with the divine Aſſurances you
" have given me, that you will be only
" mine; I wait with ſuch Emotions as may
" only be compar'd to thoſe which agitate
" the Minds of Martyrs for their Crown
" of Glory.——With pure Deſires I burn
" for the bleſt time when we ſhall be join'd,
" beyond the power of aught but Heaven
" to ſeparate us.———I hope to ſteal to-
" morrow Evening, unobſerv'd, to your
" dear Apartment; be ſo good to let me

" know

" know if you can get rid of thoſe trou-
" bleſome Intruders, who ſo often have
" diſappointed the Hope of the moſt exqui-
" ſitely, amiable *Amarantha*'s

Ever Faithful, and

Paſſionately Devoted Adorer,

THEANOR.

She had no ſooner peruſed this, than preſently bethinking herſelf what uſe ſhe ſhou'd make of it; ſhe ran with it to the Duke, and making him take particular notice of the Words, *when we ſhall be join'd beyond the power of aught but Heaven to ſeparate us*; inſinuated that the Prince was impatient for the Supremacy, and that it was greatly to be fear'd that he was not without ſome pernicious Deſign to compaſs it. She alſo expatiated on the Expreſſion of *cruel Brother*, and *deſpiſe his empty Rage*, with ſo much witty Malice, that the Duke, tho' naturally cool, was worked up into the extremeſt Paſſion; he talked of nothing but impriſoning the Prince, and was about to ſend his Orders for that purpoſe, when *Nearchus* came into the Room. He was not only a great Favourite with the Duke, but was al-

ſo one of thoſe, who endeavour'd by all manner of Submiſſions to make himſelf acceptable to the Dutcheſs. The Rage which appear'd in both their Countenances made him fearful he had offended in his entrance, and after a ſhort Apology, was preparing to withdraw, when the Duke calling him back, threw the Letter to him: There *Nearchus*, (*ſaid he*) read that! you are concern'd in it as well as we. That Paraſite having examin'd the Contents, return'd it with a low Obedience, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, in token of Amazement; Good God! (*cry'd he*) Is this the Stile of a Brother and a Subject? I wonder not that he ſhou'd fear to be diſcover'd in a Deſign, ſuch as a clandeſtine Marriage with a Woman whoſe vaſt Sums of Treaſure might enable him to undertake Enterprizes of the higheſt nature; but think it my Glory to be hated by him for my Loyalty and firm Attachment to my undoubted Sovereign, whom Heaven long preſerve, in ſpite of all ill Men, and Schemes contriv'd in Hell.

There needed not this Exclamation to confirm the Duke and Dutcheſs in the Opinion they had of his Zeal for their Service. They enter'd with him into a very ſerious Conſultation in what manner the Conduct of the Prince ſhou'd be reſented; and it

was

was the Advice of this Favourite, that no open Puniſhment ſhou'd be inflicted on him, which he ſaid wou'd ſo much exaſperate the People, whoſe Darling he was, that a publick Rebellion might enſue: He therefore humbly offer'd that effectual Meaſures ſhou'd be taken to diſappoint his Aim in *Amarantha*, and to ſeem not to have obſerved any other Miſdemeanors in him, till ſome way ſhou'd be found out to leſſen him in the Opinion of the Soldiery and Populace, he might be puniſh'd without hazard to the Peace of the Dukedom. This Counſel prevailing, it was agreed among them, that the Letter ſhou'd be ſeal'd up in the manner it was before, and deliver'd to *Amarantha*, by the Perſon to whoſe Charge it was entruſted; who was alſo to bring her Anſwer back, that they might have the Peruſal of it before the Prince ſaw it, in caſe it was judg'd proper it ſhou'd reach his hands.

Nearchus taking upon him to make up the Letter, he did it in ſo artificial a manner, that none wou'd ſuſpect it to have been open'd; and the Meſſenger being diſpatch'd on his Errand, the Duke and Dutcheſs wou'd not ſuffer him to leave them, till the anſwer ſhou'd arrive; paſſing the time of expectation only in Contrivances how to render theſe illuſtrious Lovers as unfortu-

nate

nate as they now believ'd themſelves the contrary.

The Emiſſary being return'd, he preſented to the Duke a Letter which had been juſt put into his hands by *Amarantha*; after which being order'd to withdraw, *Nearchus*, by command, broke it open, and read aloud the following Lines.

To Prince THEANOR.

" NEEDLESS wou'd it be to tell
" you how much I am diſturbed at
" every thing that deprives me of your
" Company; you are too well acquainted
" with my Soul not to know yourſelf the on-
" ly Object of my Deſires and Hopes; I will
" not ſay my Fears, becauſe I am certain
" that ſuch a Love as ours will one day
" meet with its Reward; and all thoſe
" Clouds which now obſcure our Joys, and
" threaten Ruin, blow away, and a whole
" Heaven of uninterrupted Happineſs break
" out upon us.

" Nothing can be more true, than that
" all Bleſſings have their allay; I rejoice
" in that my Birth and Condition renders
" me in ſome meaſure not unworthy of
" your Regard; but then that everlaſting
" crowd of Impertinents it obliges me to

" enter-

" entertain, makes it ſometimes a Curſe,
" eſpecially when by their troubleſome So-
" ciety I am depriv'd of yours.

" I ſhall feign myſelf indispos'd all day
' to-morrow, that I may avoid receiving
" any Company, and indulge Meditation
" on that innocent Felicity the wiſh'd-
" for Night, and my dear Prince will bring.
" ———Good Heaven! cut ſhort the time
" of meeting in this clandeſtine manner,
" and permit us to avow a Paſſion which
" for its purity might be an Example to
" the admiring World.——Farewel, moſt
" virtuous and moſt gallant Prince, ever
" dear to

Your Faithful,

and tenderly Affectionate

AMARANTHA.

Little being to be gather'd from this, beſide the knowledge that *Amarantha* was as much affected with the Paſſion of *Theanor* as he cou'd wiſh ſhe was; they concluded to ſend it to him, in order to make the Diſappointment they intended him more grievous to be born. This Letter, therefore, being carefully ſeal'd up, as was the other,

other, the Meſſenger was commanded to deliver it to the Prince.

A Conſultation was afterward held among them, in what manner the Behaviour of *Theanor* ſhou'd be reſented; in which the Dutcheſs exerted all her Wit and Artifice: but *Nearchus*, tho' equally malicious, adviſ'd the Duke to ſmother his Indignation for a while, not thinking his Amour with a Lady a ſufficient Pretence for any extraordinary Puniſhment. This ſubtle Politician conſider'd, that ſhou'd any Sedition happen among the People, it might bring to light many things not to the credit of a Party, of which he himſelf was one of the Chief; and therefore choſe like a Mole to work all underground, and rather undermine than face the Perſon he wou'd ruin. In fine, it was at laſt reſolv'd, that *Amarantha* ſhou'd be forbid admitting the Prince's Viſits, or receiving any Letters or Meſſages from him: this Stop in the Progreſs of his Paſſion they judg'd wou'd make him fly into ſome Extravagancies which might juſtify his Confinement, or whatever Sentence they ſhou'd work up the Rage of the Duke to paſs upon him.

Nearchus was the Perſon employ'd to deliver this Command to *Amarantha*, who whatever her thoughts were of it, ſeem'd to comply with a ready obedience; but the violent

violent Emotions with which the Boſom of *Theanor* ſwell'd, when he was inform'd of this unexpected Severity, may more eaſily be gueſs'd at than expreſs'd: *Amarantha* not being forbid to keep the Injunction ſhe had receiv'd a Secret, mention'd it in all Company, to the end that the Prince might hear of it, and by refraining from coming to her Apartment, prevent his cruel Foes from pleaſing themſelves in his Diſappointment.

But this Precaution avail'd but little to the enrag'd *Theanor*, his Paſſion now grew beyond all Bounds;——his Love was a Point too nice to be touch'd upon, without making him forget all the Conſiderations both of Duty and Nature;——he no longer remembred that the Duke was his Sovereign, or his Brother; and became ſo far tranſported with his ill Uſage, that he broke into Expreſſions which on a leſs Provocation wou'd have been unpardonable in the mouth of a Subject. All that he ſaid was immediately reported, and the Contrivers of his Deſtruction had now the Satisfaction of an Excuſe to deprive him of every Mark of Princely Dignity: in vain he ſtorm'd, in vain he even threatned, in vain his Friends intreated he might be brought to the preſence of the Duke, there to vindicate his Innocence, or be detected of the Crimes alledg'd againſt him: The implacable Dutcheſs

and that ſubtle Inſtrument of her Will, *Nearchus*, diſappointed all the Meaſures that were taken for his Intereſt, and things were carry'd with ſo high a hand againſt him, and all who were ſuſpected to be of his Party ſo much depreſt and diſabled to do him any ſervice, that the whole Dukedom was in expectation when they ſhou'd hear of ſomething worſe befalling him.

But while Affairs were carrying on in this manner againſt the Prince, his Perſecutors enjoy'd not a much greater ſhare of Eaſe. The Dutcheſs, tho' a Stranger to that Paſſion which truly merits the Name of Love, was not inſenſible of Inclinations which turn'd to much the ſame effect. *Nearchus* was a Man perfectly well made, in the Pride of his Years, had a vaſt deal of natural Complaiſance, and finding his account in acquieſcing to all the Humours of the Dutcheſs, he became ſo very agreeable to her, that the Duke ceas'd to be ſo at all: he ſoon found the Sentiments he had inſpir'd, and fail'd not to take advantage of them; but whether ſhe was indebted, for the Devoirs he paid her, to the Charms of her Perſon or Power, you will better judge by the Sequel.

In fine, Sir, they commenc'd an Amour which gave birth to Schemes more deſtructive to the Peace and Intereſt of *Malfy*, than

than the worſt Enemies of the welfare of that Dukedom cou'd have contriv'd. *Theanor*, with all the honeſt-minded of the Nobility, being excluded from all conſultation in Affairs of State, and only ſuch as were the Creatures of the Dutcheſs admitted, who impoſing on the Duke's Belief, repreſented things only as it ſerv'd hers or their own Deſigns, and by that means brought to paſs many, which amaſs'd to them and their Adherents, immenſe Sums of Money, to the great Injury, and almoſt Ruin not only of the common People, but alſo thoſe of the better Sort; who either were not let into the Secret of their Meaſures, or were too honeſt to be concern'd in them.

Petitions for a Redreſs of theſe Grievances were continually given, but then it was into ſuch Hands as took care they never ſhou'd come into the Duke's; who ſeeing all things through a falſe Light, and entirely ignorant of his Subjects Sufferings, loſt great part of that tender Affection they formerly profeſs'd for him; and tho' in reality one of the beſt of Princes, and of Men, labour'd under the ſevereſt Reflections both as to his Government and natural Diſpoſition. But this I need not ſay to you, who are ſo well acquainted with the World, and know how common, tho' unjuſt a thing it is, for a Sovereign to be thought an-

ſwerable for the Miſmanagement of a bad Miniſtry.

'Tis more the buſineſs of a Romance, than a Narrative of true Facts, to expatiate on the Deſpair of Lovers, when interrupted by any intervening Accident in the Progreſs of their Paſſion; I ſhall therefore omit any Deſcription of thoſe Anxieties with which the Minds of *Theanor* and *Amarantha* were agitated in this ſeparation, and with as much brevity as poſſible go on with the Hiſtory of *Gigantilla*.

She was now pretty well reveng'd of *Theanor* for the contempt with which he had treated her; but the whole World being ſenſible of the Crimes ſhe had been guilty of, knew herſelf the Object of a general Deteſtation;——— ſhe cou'd not paſs without hearing the Curſes of the People, and was more than once inſulted as ſhe was going into her Chariot: this made her apprehenſive of ſome greater Miſchief from the Rage of Perſons to whom ſhe had given ſuch juſt Provocation, and her Life became a continued Series of Jealouſies and Fears, eſpecially when ſome Affairs, the repetition of which wou'd be too tedious to be inſerted here, obliging the Duke to take a Journey to *Sicily*, ſhe was likely to be left a Prey to the juſt Fury of thoſe ſhe had made her Enemies. The Duke, ignorant of her

Crimes,

Crimes, was alſo ſo of her Danger, and therefore thought not of taking her with him; but ſhe wou'd not be perſuaded to ſtay behind him, and therefore feigning an exceſs of Tenderneſs, which ſhe ſaid wou'd not permit her to know an eaſy moment in abſence from him; he was at laſt prevail'd on, notwithſtanding the Inconvenience of it, to give leave ſhe ſhou'd accompany him. She having ſtill taken care to keep his Reſentments warm againſt *Theanor* by ſome new Invention or other, Guardians of the State and of *Amarantha* were choſe out from thoſe whoſe intereſt it was moſt to be faithful to the Dutcheſs, to prevent his having any concern in the one, or obtaining a ſight of the other.

Things being ſettled in this manner, the Duke and Dutcheſs ſet forward on their Journey; but now the time approach'd, which was ordain'd to ſhow this haughty Woman there was a Power Supreme, which, when it pleas'd, cou'd put a ſtop to the further Progreſs of her pernicious Deſigns. The Duke, whoſe Love and Confidence ſhe had ſo greatly abus'd, was ſeiz'd on the Road by a dangerous Diſtemper, from which not all the Skill of the Phyſicians availing to recover him, he died at a ſmall Village ſome thirty Leagues diſtant from the Confines of *Malfy*, leaving *Gigantilla* now as void of Power as

ſhe

ſhe had ever been of making a good uſe of it. Thus ended the Life of a Prince ſo eminent in all good Qualities, that had he not too much lov'd and truſted a faithleſs Wife, the utmoſt Malice of his Enemies cou'd have found nothing wherewith to aſperſe his Character. But to return, by this unexpected Blow, this wicked Woman at once depriv'd of all Means to forward ten thouſand Schemes her prolifick Brain had form'd, and ſubjected to the juſt Cenſure and Vengeance of the injur'd World, knew not what Courſe to ſteer, and ſeem'd as it were Thunder-ſtruck with the ſudden ſhock. In this Dilemma let us leave her for a while, and ſee what Alterations were produc'd in *Malfy*.

The News no ſooner reach'd this Court, than all things immediately wore another Face, *Theanor* had no longer a Power above him; he aſſum'd the Dignity to which he was born, to the general Satisfaction of all the Brave and Virtuous: One of the firſt Uſes he made of his Power was to ſearch the Cabinets of all thoſe who had been the Creatures of the Dutcheſs; among the number, that of *Nearchus* was examin'd, where they found ſeveral Papers which brought the whole Contrivances of the Cabal to light, and plainly diſcover'd how the good Duke had been impos'd upon by that baſe

Woman

Woman and her vile Adherents. Among other Letters was one written by the Dutcheſs's own hand, immediately after the death of the Duke, and was brought to that Favourite by the ſame Courier, who came with the melancholly Intelligence to the States: the Contents of it run thus.

To my Ever Dear NEARCHUS.

" I Need not tell you that the Duke is " dead; I wiſh you are not made ac- " quainted with it by Effects which I trem- " ble to think on; but if you yet are ſafe " from the Malice of our common Enemies, " to prevent any future Apprehenſions of " what they may do to you, as well as to " ſatisfy the longing impatience of a Wo- " man who loves you; diſpoſe of your " Eſtate with all imaginable ſpeed, and " having turn'd it into ready Money, re- " pair to me.——I mention this, becauſe " I wou'd not have *Theanor* reap any Ad- " vantage by your flight; but if it cannot " be done with ſafety, hazard nothing; " bring only your dear ſelf.——You know " I want not Treaſures to ſupport us both, " —— and after the Condeſcenſions I " have made, cannot doubt but that what- " ever I am Miſtreſs of, is wholly devoted to you.

" you.——Make haſte to comfort me in
" my preſent Affliction; you may be cer-
" tain *Malfy* is no more a Place for me; I
" want your Advice how to proceed, and in
" what Kingdom it is beſt for me to take
" refuge from the Rage of the now powerful
" *Theanor*.——How happy, my lovely *Near-*
" *chus*, wou'd it be for us to be permitted
" to indulge our Paſſion free from all fears
" of jealous or impertinent Interruptions,
" did not the ſame Accident which allows
" that Liberty ſubject us to Dangers not
" leſs terrible than all we had to dread;
" had our ſtolen Pleaſures been diſcover'd.
" ——But I will no more alarm myſelf
" with Apprehenſions which I hope are
" vain: in ſome other Region we may per-
" haps enjoy thoſe Felicities together, which
" we are deny'd in *Malfy*.——Let then your
" Love and Gratitude be ſhown in the
" ſpeed you make to the Arms of

Your Impatient, but

Moſt Faithful and

Paſſionately Affectionate

GIGANTILLA.

The

The new Duke and his Council had no ſooner peruſed this, and the other Papers they had ſeiz'd in the Cabinet of *Nearchus*, than he was order'd to be brought before them, who having no other Plea to alledge in his defence, than that what he had done had been but in complaiſance to the Will of a fair Lady who was then his Sovereign, they thought him beneath any other Revenge than that of confining him from leaving *Malfy*: they deprived him not of his Eſtate, but took from him the power of diſpoſing of it; and let him know, that on the leaſt hint that ſhou'd be given of his continuing any Correſpondence with the Dutcheſs, it ſhou'd be all confiſcated, and become part of the Duke's Revenue. He proſtrated himſelf on the Earth in token of the loweſt ſubmiſſion, and aſſur'd them by the moſt ſolemn Imprecations, that he wou'd obey the Injunction laid upon him in the ſtricteſt Senſe: and more to engage Belief in this Particular, he, unask'd, reveal'd many ſecret Contrivances which had been hatch'd againſt the Intereſt of the State; the Truth of which they cou'd by no other means have known.

Thus did he, rather than forſake his Native Country, and forfeit a ſmall Eſtate he had there, chuſe to abandon in Diſtreſs a Woman who loved him, and who had given him the greateſt Proofs of it. This indeed muſt be ſaid in his excuſe, that

tho' her Treaſures were more than ſufficient for both, yet the Avarice and Inconſtancy of her Temper made her Favour no Inheritance; and he cou'd not be certain, that after he had quitted all for her, he ſhou'd not be thrown off for the ſake of ſome new and darling Favourite: In this laſt Suggeſtion, however, his Suſpicions wrong'd her; ſhe lov'd him with an infinity of Paſſion, and it may be ſuppos'd that ſhe was inſpir'd with this unuſual Tenderneſs for a Perſon incapable of returning it, as a juſt Puniſhment for her ſo ill requiting the Love of one who had rais'd her to the moſt elevated Wiſh her Ambition cou'd deſire, and who had never ceas'd to regard her with an Affection, the moſt deſerving of her Sex wou'd ~~have~~ thought it their Happineſs to reward.

Doating on him then in this violent degree, what became of her, when from other Hands, tho' not from his own, ſhe receiv'd the Hiſtory of his Ingratitude: She needed not this addition to her other Woes, ſhe had already more than ſhe was well able to ſuſtain: She was ſo much the univerſal Hate, that it was owing only to the extravagant Expence ſhe was daily at in Bribes, and procuring a number of Perſons who ſerv'd as a Guard about her, that ſhe was ſafe even in that Village where ſhe had waited the approach of her ungrateful Lover; and to what other Place ſhe ſhou'd have

have recourſe, ſhe knew not.——— The *Lacedemonians* deteſted her on the account of *Philemont*, whoſe death it was now well known hapned through her contrivance; the *Sicilians* abhorr'd her name, as looking on her as the only Blot of the Duke's Glory; and to *Malfy* ſhe cou'd not hope to come, without receiving from the Juſtice of *Theanor* that Puniſhment her Crimes in general, excluſive of his particular Wrongs, had merited. All her Artifices, all her Policy now fail'd her, ſhe was as incapable of doing ſervice to herſelf, or hurt to others, as an Ideot; and in the midſt of this Diſtreſs to receive the News of being forſaken by the Man on whom ſhe alone depended for Counſel; the Man whom but to ſee wou'd have afforded ſome mitigation of her Misfortunes; was ſuch a ſurcharge of Affliction, as ſhe wanted Fortitude to bear: and nothing but the ſtings of Conſcience reminding her how terrible a Judgment-Seat ſhe muſt appear before in another World, cou'd have prevented her from leaving this, by means the moſt deteſtable to Nature.

All Obſtacles being thus remov'd, the preſent Sovereign of *Malfy*, the brave and virtuous *Theanor* was married, with a Solemnity befitting his Love and Dignity, to the beautiful *Amarantha*, a worthy Ornament of the Regal Power: Never were a Pair more truly bleſt, or more deſerving to

be ſo ; Heaven ſeems to have reſerv'd its choiceſt Favours for their Heads, nor ſince their happy Union has one day paſt over without bringing ſome addition to the Felicity of their State. But as nothing more ennobles Power than Clemency, the moſt implacable of their Enemies have found no other Puniſhment than what the Shame of having offended them inflicts : even *Gigantilla* herſelf, tho' not out of the reach of Vengeance, ſeems to be forgotten ; they attempt nothing againſt her, ſet no Price upon her Head, nor publiſh any Edicts in her prejudice. She ſtill continues where ſhe was at the Deceaſe of the Duke, but in the moſt forlorn, unfriended, and unpitied State ; not all her Riches being able to procure her one Moment's eaſe from the Racks of a guilty Thought, and an unavailing Paſſion for a Man, who affects to regret nothing ſo much as having had a Friendſhip for her.

Thus, Sir, have I given you as faithful an Account as poſſible, of the Riſe and Fall of this once haughty Woman ; if it may afford you any Diverſion, my Aim will be entirely fulfill'd, in proving how much I am,

SIR,

Yours, *&c.*

FINIS.